

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1922

Owned by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Published daily, except on Sundays, holidays, and days when the city is closed.

Subscription Rates—By mail, including postage in the United States: One Year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$6.00; Three Months, \$3.50.

By Mail, Postpaid: One Year, \$11.00; Six Months, \$7.00; Three Months, \$4.00.

By Mail, Prepaid: One Year, \$10.00; Six Months, \$6.00; Three Months, \$3.50.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter.

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measure fixed may well be as bad as described.

Does the German government show any disposition to stabilize the mark? No one has heard of such a policy. All it does is to print more marks. When the German people wake up to the fact that their troubles mainly come from within, not from without, they may expect to prosper, but scarcely before.

Better to Wait

A conference committee is trying to reconcile differences between the House and the Senate, exemplified in 2,436 Senate amendments to the Fordney tariff bill. These amendments revolutionize the House measure. Two of them, in particular, alter the whole scheme of protection run wild which Mr. Fordney had in view.

The House's American valuation plan—the yardstick of all its rates—has been rejected by the Senate, and the old foreign valuation plan has been substituted. Two theories of tariff structure are here in conflict. The Senate, moreover, has put into the bill provisions for the alteration of rates through Presidential proclamation. This is a striking innovation in tariff policy. The House leaders are very distrustful of it.

How can these radically different bills be welded into a single harmonious measure in the short period left for this session? Conference committees have been deadlocked for weeks over bills in which the differences between the two branches were over relatively negligible details. Now thousands of details are to be adjusted, and two-clashes in fundamentals are to be overcome by persuasion.

Why not take the time really needed to revise the Fordney and McCumber revisions? What the country needs is a tariff bill based on certainty, not conjecture. It would gladly wait for such a bill. No public interest will be served by rushing through a compromise between two monstrosities before the curtain is rung down on this session.

The Defeated

Says Mr. Gompers: "It is safe to say that the full volume of wage reductions since the armistice, if averaged up and spread over the working population, would amount to less than 5 per cent. This is a stark defeat for employers. It is a magnificent victory for the workers."

This jubilant statement may well be filed for remembrance. It goes far toward answering, on the highest authority of America's organized labor, the question of what class has profited the most from the war. General prices are notoriously down, something like 40 per cent, and with wages down but 5 per cent he boasts that organized labor has gained the difference.

Mr. Gompers is so greatly pleased that he apparently does not realize what he so blandly confesses. In effect, he acknowledges that the claim that the war wage level is necessary to offset increased living costs is a fraud. Likewise, he scraps the arguments of those who talk of living wages.

But Mr. Gompers is mistaken in saying that wages the country over are down only 5 per cent. This may be true of organized labor, but it is not true of labor generally. Our largest labor force is on the farms. The farmer, whether operating owner or tenant, whose compensation is determined by what he gets for his produce, sadly knows that his income is decreased a good deal more than 5 per cent. And the vast mass of unorganized workers, next to agricultural workers our largest labor army, confront the same lamentable fact.

The labor element of which Mr. Gompers is speaking, and which he blindly assumes is the only class deserving of consideration, is the small minority who are members of labor unions.

If the Gompers estimate is correct, if the wages of organized labor are almost up to the war level, his vaunted victory is over unorganized labor. The fund to pay the labor aristocracy has not come from employers. These quit business when it does not pay. It has come from the general public. The triumph that Mr. Gompers ecstatically celebrates is thus not over employers, but over fellow workers, and over the aged and infirm who have saved to have comfort in later years, and over women and children who find that the income from petty inheritances has shrunk with the shrinking of the dollar's purchasing power. Mr. Gompers should enlarge his vision. He should take into his view the victims of his victorious policy.

Helping the Disabled Veterans

Under the title "The Citizens' Committee of America" a new organization has been formed in the interest of the disabled veterans of the war. Composed of representatives of different groups, it aims to supplement the work of such special organizations as the American Legion and the Veterans of the World War and the various relief organizations in helping the wounded. Its function will be to investigate and to bring additional weight in the correction of unsatisfactory conditions. It hopes to promote the prompt hospitalization of those men who, owing to the present lack of space, are not properly cared for. It will insist

upon complete and effective plans of rehabilitation. Thus it will be a sort of clearing house for ideas, plans and suggestions, and when it reports upon conditions or constructive recommendations it will speak with greater authority than one of the special groups interested in pleading its own particular cause.

There has long been a need for such an organization. Excellent as has been the work of individual relief units, there has been no channel so far for the active expression of public sentiment. Many people have felt with sadness that the war sufferers have been neglected and forgotten. But at the same time they have wondered in what manner their own small efforts could help the veterans' cause.

The Citizens' Committee has an opportunity for great service. There is at the present moment work that it can do in investigating conditions in some of the hospitals and in making public its recommendations. The provisions for the mental patients and those suffering from tuberculosis in particular have been notoriously inadequate, and the efforts of such organizations as the Legion to force prompt improvement by the Washington authorities have met with constant delays.

By having its sub-committees study these conditions and by making public their findings and recommendations the Citizens' Committee can do much to enlist public opinion in behalf of the disabled men.

Professor Dunning

Two historians added to the fame of Columbia University in the last generation—Professor James Harvey Robinson, now with the New School for Social Research, and Professor William A. Dunning, who has just died, ripe in years and rich in the affections of his students.

Both men were able and original. Both made new and striking contributions to their subjects. Professor Dunning's field was a restricted one. The period of reconstruction in American history was his chief interest for many years. A Northerner by birth, he brought to this highly controversial era a clarity and a fairness which made his conclusions accepted even where prejudices were strongest. Thus within the lifetime of men who can remember those bitter, tragic years something approaching a level and impartial view of rights and wrongs has been achieved.

To the labor of Professor Dunning this result is largely due, and it is a rare triumph for openmindedness and truth. The world is just beginning to study the Reformation with an open mind. We are still far from a just judgment upon that era of cleavage and massacre and war. As it happens it has been Professor Robinson's mission to remove much falsehood and distortion touching that period. But it cannot be said that he has contributed the same quality of fairness that was Professor Dunning's great gift. In his eagerness to kick over the idols of conventional history he has too often lost his way amid the ruins and he has now definitely shifted his career from scholarship to controversy.

Professor Dunning was not blind to the newer theories of history centering around economic problems, which is to say, a man's stomach. But he never lost sight of the other factors which control man and he sounded a call of common sense and level-headedness much needed. It is a question whether any man can apply a greater quality to his time than that spirit of luminous fairness which was the essence of Professor Dunning's mind. If our newest historians and newest reformers possessed a trifle more of it they might go further and the world might fare better and not worse for their outgivings.

The Hylan Hoax

Three months ago the Transit Commission submitted a workable and adequate plan for unifying and extending the subway system at a total cost of \$218,000,000. That plan, which was drawn up by competent engineers, is now being put into effect. When it is completed the present intolerable traction tangle, which is due largely to the utter lack of understanding of the problem by the city administration, will be at an end.

As an alternative Mayor Hylan submits an alleged traction plan that he estimates will cost \$600,000,000. But this stupendous cost, with no inkling of where the money is to come from, is not the only thing that strikes the eye. Nothing at all is to be done for three years, for the heart of the project is that the existing lines shall be acquired by the city under its right of reapture, which does not come into existence until 1925.

Another thing is that there shall be public operation. This, of course, means it would be necessary to kiss the five-cent fare goodbye. It is with difficulty the subway companies now meet operating expenses. With a generous Tammany management the cost per passenger may be expected to be seven or eight cents, and with nothing set aside for interest on the \$600,000,000 investment. The fact that the plan is submitted at all is obviously due to a de-

sire to make political capital out of a serious situation. Mr. Hylan has been five years in office, during all of which time the traction situation has been going from bad to worse. Not only has he done nothing to relieve it, but he has opposed and is still opposing everything that has been done by those into whose hands the solution has been committed by the Legislature. Gradually the suspicion has grown that this attitude was born of an abysmal ignorance of traction matters. The hodgepodge which he now has put forth shows how well founded was this suspicion.

It is now luminously clear that if New York is ever to have any more subways it must get them through the Transit Commission and that it will be necessary to eliminate Mr. Hylan entirely from the situation. If after weeks of work he can make no better suggestions than these it is apparent that he could not be helpful even if he chose to be.

As to the political harangue which is woven like a thread through the mass of ill-chosen words with which the manifesto is clothed, that was to be expected. Mr. Hylan may lack logic and constructive ability, but as long as he has access to the editorial pages of the Hearst papers he never is wanting for abuse of those who do not take him at his own inflated valuation.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

The New Jack Tar

(Sailors along the New York water front have taken eagerly to soft drinks.) The anchor's on the bits, The tide is running free, The wind, in gusty fits, Is blowing out to sea. Propitious, friendly stars Are shining through the dark, But where are all the tars To man the gallant bark?

They're munching fudge and drinking pop And sipping of ice cream, Though well aware the breeze is fair And smooth the favoring stream. With lemonade and ginger ale They're ruining their lives— Poor Jack, alas! can never pass Those ice cream soda dives!

In happy days of yore, When tars too freely drank, The captain went ashore And dragged 'em up the plank. The grog of some years back Was potent and intense; It always left poor Jack Devoid of will and sense.

But now he takes the modern stuff, He still can stand and fight, Or, more discreet, can use his feet In swift and furtive flight. So by the slip waits many a ship Whose crews, like bees in hives, Take sinful sips of sugary flips In ice cream soda dives.

Strange, Isn't It?

No one has any trouble in finding a bootlegger except the dry enforcement officers.

Always a Hit

The most popular music this winter will be made by the coal rattling down the chute.

Forewarned Is Forearmed

No statesman nowadays will announce where he stands on a public question till he takes a hasty glance at "The Literary Digest."

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Sergeant Fiaschetti's Case

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The report in yesterday's paper of the demotion of Detective Sergeant Michael Fiaschetti came as a distinct shock and surprise. The reason given by the Commissioner for his action is far from satisfactory. To say that the change was made "for the good of the service" is inadequate and does not explain anything. If Sergeant Fiaschetti's reduction in rank is deserved—there was nothing in the press report to indicate this—then the grounds for such action should be made public; if undeserved then it is nothing short of malicious ingratitude shown toward a public servant who for eighteen years has served so effectively the interests of public safety. This matter should not be permitted to go unchallenged. The facts should be investigated and made known to the public. Something seems to be wrong somewhere.

REV. GEORGE A. CRAPULLO.

Brooklyn, Aug. 26, 1922.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Why has Sergeant Detective Michael Fiaschetti been demoted to patrolman without the public (who pay for his services) being given an adequate reason? Detective Fiaschetti has a long, successful record. Commissioner Enright has seen fit to demote him, as he says, "for the good of the service." Then let Commissioner Enright give us a satisfactory reason.

E. J. WILLIAMS.

New York, Aug. 27, 1922.

A Pasadenian's Vacation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The other day we chanced to meet a certain man who three years ago came to Pasadena from Ohio, and at once became a howling booster. Never again would he pack so much as a dress suit case, he hoped he'd never see his trunk again, everything was wonderful and perfect, even the droughts, floods, ants, earthquakes (brush) and geraniums were grand and glorious.

But after three years of mild summer weather he is going to the high Sierras this year for his vacation in hopes of finding not only cold but bad weather. He desires to be cold and wet and as miserable as possible, and we hope for his sake he will be. K. D. B. E. Pasadena, Cal., Aug. 18, 1922.

The Tower

TO LYDIA IN REPROACH (Horace, Book I, Ode VIII.)

Pray tell me, Lydia, By the gods above, Why dost thou ruin Sybaris with love?

He is a soldier, Trained to dust and heat— Why dost thou keep him dallying at thy feet?

Why doth he seek no more The sunny plain Of Mars, where he was wont to march and train?

Why doth he don His warrior's garb no more, Nor ride with his companions, as of yore?

Why doth he mount no more His Gallic steed, And curb with wolf's-tooth bit, its eager speed?

Why doth he seem To fear and hesitate To tawny Tiber to entrust his fate?

Why are his arms No longer black and blue With manly sports that once his prowess knew?

Why doth he tarry, Lovelorn, at thy door, And toss the quoit and javelin no more?

Why doth he shun, More than the viper's blood, The ring, where he, victorious, once stood?

Why, Lydia, answer— Doth thy lover lie, And hide, like Thetis' son in time gone by—

Who, on the eve Of Troy's most fateful day, In fear of Lycian hosts, lay hid away?

Release him, Lydia, From thy binding chain— Let Sybaris stand forth—a man again!

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

Physicians of the nation have endorsed the hearty breakfast, but after one has looked over the front page headlines and opened the fresh crop of bills left by the postman, all he really wants is a little orange juice and a place where he can moon so much as he desires without disturbing the neighbors.

All these reforms of diet and conduct are designed to improve the body and cheer the mind and raise them triumphant over current conditions. But by the time the reforms could reasonably be expected to make you feel better, current conditions have become that much worse.

We're morally certain that by the time we have eaten a dozen four-course breakfasts the railroad situation will have attained its final five-star crisis and Mr. Hearst will have been nominated for Governor.

The Grand Old Game

Sir: As an aid in keeping tally each night at mosquito stalking—there is nothing like having a good statistical system on the job—get a box of colored crayons of many different shades, the brighter the better.

Then each night as your good aim proves true and you add to your bag of game, score the site of the victory with a fine, clear circle of color. Next night use a different color of crayon. When you have exhausted all your colors, change your mark of victory to a square, a triangle, a crescent—an infinite variety of forms are available.

In no time at all you will have a striking, near-Batik design combined with your impeccable statistics. You'll be surprised. So will Friend Wife.

H. R. VAN LAW.

From his sudden desire to build \$600,000 worth of new subways, we should judge that a certain city executive has had his first ride on a municipal bus.

Mexico is threatening to go dry and we challenge any one who ever tried to drink pulque or tequila to imagine what the bootleg versions of these beverages will be like.

THE MISDEMEANANT

Love comes and goes—down of the thistle— Whence no man knows; bids you go whistle— When he departs; laughs at your sighing; Mocks aching hearts; scoffs at your crying. Yet when he comes back to his altars, How each heart burns! How wisdom falters! Love has no tears for lovers' sorrow. Lightly he jeers and says: "Good morrow!"

Love is a joy. Yet, just between us, That wretched boy, offspring of Venus, Mischievous god deserves a spanking. With a stout rod—never a spanking. Love is a thief. My heart he's stolen. See how with grief my eyes are swollen. What shall I do? That wicked kiddie Gave it to you? The rascal! Did he?

PERLEY A. CHILD.

Sentiment in the Senate on the bonus bill seems to be divided between those who buck the passage and those who pass the buck.

The chief trouble in taking a vacation late in the summer is that you look forward to it so much that you become certain you'll never have as good a time as you expect to.

Still, the fishing should be grand. If we are to believe the stories brought back by those returning to slavery, the ponds and streams are now populated almost entirely by the Big Ones that Got Away. F. E. V.

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If your cook leaves you in the midst of the canning season with the dishes dirty, the kitchen a mess and company coming—



And pickets the gate to keep you from hiring another cook and makes you all the trouble she can—



And you spend six weeks breaking in a new cook, who qualifies and serves in spite of the bricks hurled by her predecessor—



And, finding she can't shut off your meals, the old cook comes back and insists on being reinstated with rights unimpaired and no questions asked.

The Difficult Average

By Adele De Leeuw

In sports or stock quotations or human nature the average represents the level line between the heights and depths, the middle course between extremes. It is acceptable because it is safe. It is desired because it is understandable, because it is something even and continuous in a series of uneven and sporadic occurrences.

The world of to-day is experiencing at once a decided change in its people and movements and a more earnest search for the Perfect Average than ever before.

The Modern Girl is, however unconsciously, wondering how she is to attain the difficult average between complete independence and complete dependence; how to be good, yet interesting; how to be self-reliant and yet keep the flame of masculine chivalry burning; how to be frank, yet subtle; how to dress comfortably, yet femininely; how to startle the world while keeping intact her parents' conception of her as a dear, home-loving child.

It is an interesting, a knotty, problem. Most girls are still in the experimental stage. That is what so many people forget. The only time a person can experiment with himself, his manners, his ideals and ideas is when he is young. By the time he is middle-aged he is supposed to be settled on all questions of domestic and state importance, or be forever damned. Besides, some of the zest has gone out of experimenting by that time.

Yet it is the middle-aged folk, smug and self-satisfied, who are the most difficult average to reach. They are the people who have reached the average of middle age and are now trying to reach the average of old age.

Quick Evolution

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: While I accept the general principle of evolution I consider that man was an immediate development from the ape, and that this change occurred with the creation of the spirit of man about 6,000 years ago.

Man has shown that he can evolve plants like the seedless orange, and that he can evolve dogs and poultry in limitless variety. Time is not the factor, but rather a scientific knowledge of breeding.

Hybrids between lions and tigers have been produced, and the Eskimos cross their dogs with wolves to maintain their size and strength. Hybrids are only barren when there is a great difference in physical characteristics between the parents.

They can frequently be crossed with either of the parent species, and sometimes among themselves. In the latter event a new race of animals is developed.

Correctly speaking the term species is an improper distinction between animals. If all the links between the lion and the tiger could be revived it would be observed that these beasts are merely different breeds of the same family of cats, and new varieties could be evolved by the simple process of breeding.

The dog is the descendant of the wolf, but who could believe that there

was any relationship between the greyhound and the skye terrier? We know the relationship because there is an immense variety of connecting species now living.

If these connecting links should suddenly become extinct and leave only the greyhound and the skye terrier the relationship would probably be a remote relationship, and would call the skye terrier the silver spandril and the greyhound the galloping gassander. It would be stated that one had evolved from the other in the small spaces of fifty million years.

Only a few fossil remains of true men have been found in the ancient strata. This proves nothing but the accidental deposit of fossils. We have large regions of archaic rock exposed to the air in New York State. At any time this rock might be covered with a modern deposit filling up fissures and holes and covering all the indications of our present civilization. We would then be a part of the past and a proof that man had lived before vegetation was spread over the earth.

ROBERT J. MACLAUGHLIN. New York, Aug. 23, 1922.

The Patient Party

(From The Philadelphia Record)

The public is always expected to be patient while the people directly concerned in a strike take time to think it over.

Does the Public Care?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Is the public indifferent to the insulting treatment of the President by the labor unions? Is a labor leader more powerful—or may be more impotent—assert that he is more powerful than the government?

Washington? Does the public understand what is being done? Or is it that it does not care? Let us think that in a few weeks he can settle the strike on his own terms, for we have anthracite. Is the country prepared to let this happen after all the President has done?

AN OLD TRIBUNE READER. New York, Aug. 26, 1922.

Religious Emphasis

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a daily reader and admirer of The Tribune, I agree most heartily with the suggestion of B. R. Harrison on the editorial page of the 28th, that "the editor or reporter who writes something friendly to religion, once a month, might find it impossible to try it once a week; then once a day."